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2 G. FINNEY, PUBLISHED ERRILL - - MISSOURI

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re is that they expect their ts to furnish the faith and cure

SPEAKER REED is not a great smoker but in the seclusion of his home smokes a pipe at intervals. He hates the odor of a cigarette and detests chewing.

A BERLIN paper says the Kaiser is taking fencing lessons. If the gentleman desires a post-graduate course he should visit Indiana and learn how to put up s stake-and-rider.

MR. CHRISTOPHER RICE MANSEL TALsor, in point of service the oldest member of England's Parliament, is dead He was a Liberal, and served continuously for sixty years.

Tax most self-sacrificing martyrdom that a boy endures is when he apprentices himself to learn to chew tobacco, and the hardest thing for a girl to do is to say "no" to her first suitor.

Knurp, the maker of big guns, has unded a fund of <125,000 for the beneat of those of his workmen who wish to borrow money at low rates for the purpose of building homes for them-

The most disheartened Cronin prisone is said to be O Sullivan. He ought to count it as something of a gain that he has been removed from the troubles and rials of a backward and discourage ing ice season.

THE Earl of Euston thinks himself wronged by the publication of an article concerning himself in the North London Press. The "nobleman" evidently never had an American news paper get after him.

The will of Mrs. Hannah Faxton ot necticut, cut her nephew William off with a shilling "because he was in the habit of calling out 'rats' and 'chestnuts." Had the old lady lived to the McGinty period William wouldn't have come in for one red cent.

A Michigan man took the the track of a wild turkey at 8 o'clock in the morning and followed it for nineteen miles before the bird took to his wings to escape from such a disagreeable pursuit. The man's wife was cutting wood the day he followed the turkey.

A NEW manuscript of the New Testament which, it is thought, dates back to the Fourth century, has been discovtriarch of Constantinople, through whom the Didache was given to the public a few years ago.

IT is announced that John Claffin, S. V. White and Thomas D. Sherman have offered to build, as a memorial to Hen ry Ward Beecher, a large and handsome add tion to Plymouth church, Brooklyn. The offer has not yet been for mally submitted to the church.

In deciding that the athletes of Har ward must not engage in any contests outside of New England, the college anthorities evidently intended to de crease the number of huge drunks that ususliv follow an inter-collegiate foot-

The man who first made Saratoga mer resort hit it. The four Michigan men who picked out a summer refor the public, bought 120 acres of and, built a \$20,000 hotel and spent 85.000 more on improvements, have sold he whole outfit ror less than \$5,000 for a county house. They missed it.

Ir John Sullivan had been elected to last year there would be no oh fight as now over the house rules. The gentleman from Boston would eraly remark: "The marquis of ry rules are good enough for ad they go here, and don't you forget 15"-a statement that no one would

ism is the name of a new ble drug, antipyrine. In a followed just before Christmas processe, the university of Paris, more, who is one of the most cet emphatic warning against

had jailed a tramp in In-er, friendless and having no wited the sheriff to dinner, adred dollar bill to buy at surkey, and asked him of \$2,000 he had been

CHAPTER V. sape he grew conscious of my scrutiny at last; for he moved to the shadow, and said, with "It was very good of you two to be are to-day! Your presence was a reat comfort to me."

"Then I am heartily glad we came!"
mother cried, evidently trying to prevent the apology which she felt was
on his lips. "Dear Archie, have you not been always good to us? Why should we show ourselves ungrateful and unkind?"

He winced, as though the words spoken quite simply and good-natur-edly though they were, hurt him a little, and went on in an eager nervous way-

"You have not been quite—quite graciously received; but Estelle is a stranger among strangers. You will make allowance for any peculiarity of manner, remembering that she per-haps feels, as I do, a little on her de-

There was no resisting this appeal though I secretly thought that there had been much more of defiance than defence in Mrs. Gerrard's tone. I brushed back the soft gray hair from uncle Archie's wrinkled forehead, and kissed him affectionately as I said-

"Of course everything is strange and uncomfortable at present, uncle Archie; but we shall settle down and be the best friends possible presently if only because we all love you,"

He smiled very faintly and sadly, it thought, and patted my hand. "You are a dear girl, Irene," he began; but I interrupted him gaily.

Of course; but I am a very curious

one, too; so please give me news in-atead of compliments. Is my aunt very handsome?" I thought her beauty would be the

safest subject to dilate upon; for she had the air of a beauty, even though her face was veiled; but the subject was scarcely such a success as I had expected. Uncle Archie looked more puzzled than pleased, and there was no sign of the triumph of a bridegroom in his tone as he answered, after a noment's hesitation-

"I think she is, my dear-her features and complexion are excellent but, beauty is so much a matter of opinion, perhaps I had better let you judge Estelle for yourself."

I could not help glancing at mother with a feeling of horror and dismay; and I read all my own trouble reflected in her kind and gentle face. Already uncle Archie's marriage, from a point of view with which our own interests had nothing to do, was seeming to us both a grave mistake, and even more than a mistake—a mystery. If the husband of three or four weeks' standing had not even a good word for the beauty of his bride, what had been the fascinating spell that caused him to change the purpose of a lifetime and run all risks of ridicule by posing as a reckless lover at his age?

It was a painfully puzzling question, and one which time alone could answer. I was glad to hear mother take up the conversation where I had dropped it; for sheer bewilderment was making me blunder stupidly at

every word I spoke.
"Estelle!" she repeated softly. "What a pretty name!-all we know of her yet, by-the-way. Is Mrs. Gerforeigner, Archie? There is something French, I think, in her grace and her accent, or rather her

intonation, is there not?" Uncle Archie pushed back the hair from his forehead, and looked both with a bewildered stare.

"Something French? Yes, of course-she is of French decent," he said, in a half-dazed way, "Irene-Gertrude, surely I told you who she is

and how I-"You told us nothing. You need tell us nothing, Archie; I did not mean to cross-examine you."

Mother spoke with a certain amount of spirit and decision, really and fully meaning what she said; for she wa shocked at the idea of seeming to pry into matters that her brother-in-law had a right to keep secret if he chose. "I know-I know-and I remembe now," uncle Archie said impatiently: but you must hear the story some time, and as well now as any other.

Gertrude, you have heard Walter speak of Violet Maxwell?" Mother nodded assent, and I looked at my uncle's face wonderingly, half divining, with the quick instinct of

sympathy, what was to come. -" He hesitated, toyed ner vously with a paper-cutter on the table before him, and I saw a dark red flush, the rare expression of emotion in an old man, steal over his face and mount to the roots of his gray hair. Estelle is, or was, Violet Estelle Egerton-Violet Maxwell's child."

A flood of light and comprehension seemed to pour in upon us with the utterance of those broken disconnected words. All that had puzzled and bewildered us was clear now-uncle Archie had been true to his one ideal, to the fatal love that had blighted his carly life, and seemed likely to bring but little comfort to his later days. Mother's face flushed with enthusiasm once let her feelings be touched, and my dear old mother was as enthusiastic as a girl. She looked up at un-

cle Archia, saying eagerly-"Dear Archie, I understand. You have renewed the romance of your youth. But he interrupted her with a pas-

sionate eager protest and a look of "Not that not that!" he said, with sated breath. "I cannot make it all plain now. You must think me a vain leluded old fool!"

"Archie?" "Archie?"

"Yes; what else can you—can the world think me? But that does not matter, Gertrude." He paused again, in evidently troubled thought. "Some day you shall all read Violet Egerton's letter—the letter she wrote on her death-bed, confiding her child to my care, begging forgiveness for the wrong she did me long ago—the wrong she expiated, by a married life of utter misery."

"Has Mrs. Egerton only just died then?" I saked, feedmated and

and found disco dunt notes before, and, the velves there being swept uside. Estelle Gerrard stood for a moment prettily framed in the doorful gliding step, and turned her reat shining eyes from one face to nother, evidently enjoying the conusion she read on all.

She was dressed for the evening an apricot-tinted robe of some soft fabric mixed with silk. She had ewels in her hair and at her white throat, and, as I looked at her, I answered at once and with an eager affirmative the question that had puzzled uncle Archie. Whatever else she might be, she was most beautiful—tall and slim and straight, with a warmly tinted skin, great hazel eyes, and hair that was neither red nor yellow, but s ubtle combination of the two. And et, perfect as was her beauty, there yes, persect as was her beauty, there was an expression on her face that repelled rather than attracted me—a look of hardness and insolence in the dark eyes that made me think nothing could abash that scornful glance; and was sure that I detected craft and cruelty in the curved scarlet lips and thin dilated nostrils. As I looked at the beautiful woman standing so easily and gracefully among us, I felt a despairing consciousness that, let me try as I might—and for uncle Archie's sake, I would try zealously to ingra-tiate myself with the new lady of the Hall—Estelle Gerrard and I would never be real friends.

"Well," she said, drawing her chair up beside poor mother, who looked the picture of conscious misery and guilt at her approach, "so Archie has een entertaining you with the story of our courtship and marriage, Mrs. Walter. Very stupid of him by-the way, for he does not shine as a racon cur, and had much better leave such asks to me. What has he told you? Mother looked steadily at the bril-

iant mocking face, and said, with a sudden outburst of resentment-"For one thing, your mother's ame.

I thought that, in the circumstances, such an answer should have crushed ner; but Estelle was not of my opinion. She leaned back in her chair, arrang ed a broad gold bangle more to her satisfaction on her white arm, and answered, with airy unconcern-

"Of course that is the prime fac which poor Archie relies on to explain his apostasy from the perpetual cellbate creed-to which, he tells me, you and your daughter and all Ludleigh believed him vowed. By-the-way"turning suddenly to me-"you have accepted his excuse and forgiven him,

I looked around for uncle Archie but he was gone—he must have slip ped away noislessly almost directly his wife appeared. She noticed that had turned to look for him, and laughed again as musically and as unpleas

antly as before.
"You must answer me-your unole has vanished, Irene. Accept that as a warning, my dear. All that any one has to say to him now must be said through me,"

through me, It was difficult to listen to that speech, even though it was spoken in a halfjesting tone: but, for uncle Archie's sake, hoping against hope to keep the peace with my provoking new relative, I kept my temper, and answered, almost civilly and quite sincerely, that my uncle and I understood each other uite well, and I had nothing to for

She eyed me curiously for a moment, then said-

'You are a queer girl, Irene Gerand yet, though I have done my very best to provoke you, you will not show fight. Well, since we cannot make a quarrel, suppose we agree to be friends?"

She bent forward, offering her smooth, velvety tinted cheek, upon which I was forced to bestow a kiss but my lips were cold and stiff, and I felt that we were in no way drawn together by that conventional caress. Estelle however seemed quite sat-

isfied, and went on pleasantly-"Now I can tell you my story mor easily. You see one must tell it in such different fashion to a keen critic and sympathetic friend. Please do not look so shocked, Mrs. Walter! facts cannot vary of course; but whereas their dry bones are enough in the one case-in the other-well, ir the other, one may let a little feeling be seen."

'Do you really think it necessary to tell us more than we know already, Mrs. Gerrard?" interrupted mother: and I knew the stiff protest was sincere. Curious as she was, she shrank from hearing the story of Archibald Gerrad's wooing told by those scornfully smiling lips; but Estelle would

have her way. ·Quite necessary, if not for your satisfaction, then for that of Ludleigh at large. Of course the gossips are on the qui vive to know all about me. and will metaphorically tear you and Irene to pieces if you are not prepared to gratify their curiosity to-

morrow. You cannot deny that. Mother could not; so she simply shook her head and allowed her sis

ter-in-law to proceed.

"Tell them that my mother made great mistake when she jilted Archibald Gerrard for Frank Egerton's sake—a mistake she repented within a week of her marriage and to the last day of her life. My father was a spendthrift, a gambler, and a bad cruel husband; he made her miserable for fifteen years, and then deserted her and her last living child—deserted her on her death-bed."

ing langu, the sa shaugh in which I little while back, puzzled by her had found duco sunt notes before

Oh, no the died ten years since, when I was just seventeen. But I did not care to present the letter at once. I was at war with the all world—with all the people who had wronged my mother—and did not care to meet the mother—and did not care to meet the one she had wronged. I was strong and fairly well-educated, and I determined to be accomplished as well. I went as pupil-teacher to a Brussels school, stayed there for three years, working hard, and gaining golden opinions of my employer—Madame Ledru—and, more than that, an introduction to a very great family, in duction to a very great family, in which I remained for seven years as

governess to one girl. "We spent those seven years Italy. My pupil married there; and then the great family needed my ser-vices no more. They did not turn me adrift in any ungracious fashion; they rewarded me handsomely, and inti-mated, in the kindest manner, that I was now free to return to my home. My home! I had no home, Irene; and, being always extravagant in my tastes, I had no savings to fall back upon until I found other occupation. However, I was too proud to say word of this to my employers. I thanked them for their presents and good wishes, and went at once, with a half intention of returning to Brussels and asking Madame Ledru to take me in. But fate changed my plans. I went to Paris instead, fell in a poor and was reduced to almost absolute despair, when I have your uncie's name one day in a visitor's list.

"Then I suddenly remembered my other's letter, . Why should I not in this strait appeal to the one man who might help me? I went home, took the little packet-which I had kept more from superstitious reverence than from any thought that I should ever use it-from the old pocket-book in which for ten long years it had lain undisturbed, and, giving myself no time to reflect upon or reconsider my determination, sent it to the hotel at which, as the newspaper told me,

Archibald Gerrard was staying." "And he came to you at once" I in-terposed excitedly. "Dear, generous uncle Archie would find such an appeal from your mother's daughter

bsolutely irresistible." "He came within an hour; within a week he had asked me to marry him; and I—in the circumstances, what should I say but 'Yes'?" asked Mrs. Gerrard, fixing her eyes deliberately upon mine. "Now, you know the whole story of your uncle's marriage, Irene, and may tell it at every teaable in Ludleigh if you choose.

The defiance that had momentarily vanished from her eyes and voice came back in full force now. I wondered more than ever why she had so frankly told her somewhat curious story to people whom she seemed so little anxious to conciliate.

TO BE CONTINUED,

A Cup of Tea.

It seems a simple thing enough, yet of the millions who use this refreshing and agreeable beverage a very small proportion understand how to prepare it. But if not properly made tea is deprived a f a great deal of its value, and sometimes rendered absolutely injurious. The water to be used should boil, and it should be poured on the lea immediately it boils; if allowed to over-boil the peculiar property of boiling water which acts upon tea evaporates and eventually disappears. Tea should not be a deto stew it becomes a little better than a decoction of tannic acid. Tea that is overdrawn is hurtful to the nerves and to the digestion. As to the precise number of minutes that should be devoted to the process of drawing, some people will say five minutes, some seven, some will go as far as ten, but our experience is in favor of six: this suffices to bring out the flavor, quality and strength. Just as much tea as is wanted should be made-no more. Make fresh tea as often as it is required. The replenishing of the tea pot with fresh hot water is very objectionable. As the thorough heating of the receptacle is of the first importance, the tea pot should be made thoroughly hot before the tea is put into it. The earthenware teapot is preferred to all others by many connoisseurs, and it is superfluous to say that whatever utensit is used for this urpose should be immaculately clean. Tea is an extremely delicate article. Its susceptibility to the oders of commodities near it is a source of danger and deterioration, as it readily takes up the smell of coffee, cocoa, spices, cheese, bacon, or other articles of pronounced odor. The complaints cometimes made about tea would probably not arise if always kept in p free from such contagion. Tea should be stored in a warm dry place, un-necessary exposure to the air should be avoided. Even when securely packed in the leaded chests in which t arrives in England, the change from he glowing heat of eastern skies to the damp and humid atmosphere of this climate deprives tea of much of its beautiful fragrance. Tea of much better quality than is generally dispensed at our railway stations and refreshment rooms can be bought at 2s. per pound. A pound of tea would make 128 cups. This is considerably less than a farthing per cup. You may well ask why is it that we should

tle hot milk and water slightly flavored with undesirable tannin." her and her lastiffing.

She was evidently excited by her own story; her eyes flashed, but her voice neither softened nor broke as she spoke of her deserted and dying mother; her lips still retained their scornful curve; there was no touch of pity in the brillant face; and yet, I seems to be hard as face; and yet, I suppose you have heard of old hitch's fondness for plays and all kinds of amusements. His favorite song is 'Old Black Joe.' Not long to something or other. Charlie wasn't in and Hutch sat down. The janitor was in the back part of the room dead in the all that now. When my mother music a few minutes and then got up.

A broom was in one corner. He is the standard as face and standard London Telegraph. A broom was in one corner. He ploked it up, used it as a cane, and bending his back as the delineator does who sings the old plantation melody, he dragged one foot after the ciher until he reached the door and there he joined in that ballad which he teached the door and there he joined in that ballad which

be still charged 4d. and 6d. "for a lit-

TALMAGE IN LONDON.

The Great Brooklyn Paster Preaches in the World's Metropolis.

Philippian Earthquake" is the Subject of a Most Eloquent Discourselieve on the Lord and Thou Shalt be Saved.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage prea city of London last Sunday to a very large and most appreciative congregation, taking for his text Acts xvi, 31: 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shall be saved." He said: Jails are dark, duil, damp, loathsome

places even new; but they were worse in the spostolic times. I imagine, to-day, we are standing in the Philippian dungeon. Do you not hear the groun of those inc r-cerated ones who for ten years have not seen the sunlight, and the deep sign of women who remember their father's house, and mourn over their wasted estates! Listen again. It is the cough of a consumptive, or the struggle of one in a nightmare of a great horror. You listen again, and hear a culprit, his chains ratyou say: "God pity the prisoner." But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. What a place to sing in! The music comes winding to sing in! The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison, and in all the dark wards the whisper is heard: "What's that! What's that!" It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes on their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and of course they cannot wooden sockets and of course they cannot wooden sockets, and of course they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailor, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? O, they have been trying to make the world botter. Is that all? That is all. A pit for Joseph. A lion's all! Thatis all. A pit for Joseph. A hours cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Clubs for John Wesley. An anathema for Philip Melanethon. A dungeon for Paul and Silas. But while we are standing in the gloom of the Philippian dungeon, and we near the mingling voices of sob, and groan, and blisphemy, and hallelujah, suddenly an carthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid mason-ry begins to beave and rock till all the rs swing open and the wails fall with a rific crash. The jailer, feeling himself

terrine crash. The jatter, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, and feeling suicide to be honorable—since Brutus killed himself and Cato killed himself and Cassius killed himself—puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop! stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "what shall I do! what shall I do!" Did Paul answer: "Get out of this place before there is another earthquake; put handcuffs and hopples on these other prisoners, lest they get away?" No word of that kind. Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer; answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be

Well, we have all read of the earthquake

in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Carac-cas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the cities. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial vorid, and crash! goes all that magnificent business establishment. He is a man who has built up a very beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the seminary with diplomas of graduation. His seminary with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The plane closed; the curtains drop ped; the laughter hushed. Crash! go all those domestic hopes, and prospects, and expectations. So, my friends, we have all felt the shaking down of some great trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as this man ne text, and we cried out as h
"What shall I do! What shall I do! The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Believe on the is appropriate to us: "Believe on the Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There are some documents of so little importance that you do not care to put any more than your last name under them, or even your initials; but there are some documents of so great importance that you write out your full name. So the Saviour in some parts of the Bible is called "Lord," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Jesus," and in other parts of the Bible he is called "Chris;: but that there might be no mistake about this passage, all three names come in together -- "the Lord Jesus Christ" Now who is this Being that you want me to trust in and believe in! Men sometimes come to me with credentials and certificates of good character; but I cannot trust them. There is some dishonesty in their looks that makes me know I shall be cheated if I confide in them. You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of and am I unreasonable this morning, when I stop to ask you who this is that you want me to trust in! No man would think of venturing his life on a vessel going out to sea, that had never been inspected. No, you must have the certificate hung amidships, telling how many tons it carries, and how long ago it was built, and who built it, and all about it. And you cannot expect me to me to trust in? No man would think o risk the cargo of my immortal interests on board any craft till you tell me what it is ide of, and where it was made, and what it is. When, then, I ask you who this is you wast me to trust in, you tell me he was a very attractive person. You tell me that the contemporary writers describe him, and they give the color of his eyes, and the color of his hair, and they describe his whole appearance as being respiendent. Christ did not tell the children to come to "Suffer little children to come unto me," was not spoken to the children; it was spoken to the Pharisees. The children had come without any invitation. No sooner did Jesus appear than the little ones pitched from their mothers' arms, an avalanche of beauty and love, into his lap. "Suffer little children to come unto me." That was addressed to the l'harisees; not the children. Christ did not ask John to put his head down on his Christ dld bosom; John could not help but put his head there. Such eyes, such cheeks, such a chin, such hair, such physical condition

a chin, such hair, such physical condition and appearance—why, it must have been completely captivating and winsome. I suppose a look at him was just to love him. Of how attractive his manner Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street, they ran into their houses, and they wrapped up their invalids as quick as they could, and brought them out that he might look at them. Of there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these siek ones were brought cheering in everything he did, in his very look. When these siek ones were brought out did he say: "Take away these soren; de not trouble me with these leprosies?" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a flery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before him. How the kings of the earth turned pale. Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the Sea of Gaillies, going up to

or insipidity of character; it was acco nied with majesty, infinite and ou tent. Lest the world should not reali tent. Lest the world should not realise his caracestness, this Christ mounts the cross. You say: "If Christ has to die, why not let him take some deadly portion and lie on a couch in some bright and beautiful home? If he must die, let him expire amid all kindly attentions." No the world must hear the hammers on the heads of the spikes. The world must listen to the death rattie of the sufferer. The world must feel his warm blood dropping on each cheek, while it looks up into the face of his anguish. And so the cross must be lifted, and the hole is dug on the top of Calvary. It must be dug three feet deep, and then the cross is laid on the ground, and the sufferer is stretched upon it, and the nails are pounded through nerve, and muscle, and bone, through the right hand, through the left hand; and then they shake his right hand to see if it is fast, and then they left to see if it is fast, and then they heave up the wood, half a dozen shoulders under the weight, and they put the end of the cross to the mouth of the hole, and they plungs it in, all the weight of his body coming down for the first time on the spikes; and while some hold the cross upright, others throw in the dirt and trample it down, and trample it hard. O, plant that troe wo, I and thoroughly, for it is to bear fruit such as no other tree ever bore. Why did Christ endure it! He could

have taken those rocks, and with them crushed his crucifiers. He could have reached up and grasped the sword of the omnipotent God and with one clean cut have tumbled them into perdi-tion. But no, he was to die. He must die. tion. But no, he was to die. He must die. His life for my tife. His life for your life. In one of the European cities a young man died on the scaffold for the crime of murder. Some time after, the mother of this young man was dying, and the priest came in, and she made confession to the priest that she was the murderer, and not her son; in a moment of anger she had struck her husband a blow that slow him. The son came suddenly into the room, and was washing away the wounds and trying bersangdate his father. wounds and trying to resuscitate his father, when some one looked through the window and saw him, and supposed him to be the ful that he never exposed her." But I tell you of a grander thing. Christ, the Son of God, died not for his mother, not for his father, but for his sworn enomies. O, such a Christ as that—so loving, so sacrificing—can you not trust him!

I think there are many under the spirit of God who are saying: "I will trust him if

you will tell me how;" and the great ques-tion asked by thousands in this assem-blage is: "How! how!" And while I answor your question Hook up and utter the prayer which Rawland Hill so often uttered in the midst of his sermons: "Master, help!" How are you to trust in Christ! Just as you trust any one. You trust your partner in business with inport at things. If a commercial house give you a note payable three months hence, you expect the payment of that note at the end of the e months. You ave perfect confidence in their word and in their ability. You go hom : to-day. You have the same confidence in the Lord Jesus away your sins;" and they are all taken away your sins;" and they are an away noway. "What!" you say, "before 1 pray any more! Hefore I read my Bible any more! Hefore I cry over my sins any more!" Yes, this moment. Believe with all your heart and you are saved. Why. Christ is and you are saved. Why, Christ is only waiting to get from you what you give to scores of people every day. What is that! Confidence. If these people whom you trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did then give them they ever did, then give them the preference; but if you really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then deal with him as fairly. "Oh," says some one in a light way, "I believe that Christ was light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethiehem, and I believe that he died on the cross." Do you believe it with your head or your heart! I will illus. trate the difference. You are in your awn house. In the morning you open a newspaper, and you read how Cant Heavehout in the sea risked his life for the salvation of his passengers. You say: "What grand fellow he must have been! His far ily deserves very well of the country.' You fold the enewspaper and sit down a the table, and perhaps do not think o incident again. That is historical faith, incident again. That is historical faith, But now you are on the sea, and it is night, and you are asleep, and are awatened by the shrick of "Fire!" You rush out on the deck. You hear, amid the wringing of the hinds and the fainting, the cries: "No hope! we are the ranking the error is wings of fire, the ropes make a burning ladder in the night heavens, the spirit of the wreck hisss in the waves, and on the hurricane deck es in the waves, and on the hurricane deck shukes out its banner of amoke and dark-ness. "Down with the life boats!" eries the captain. "Down with the life boats!" People rush into them. The boats are about full, Room only for one more man. You are standing on the deck beside the captain. Who shall it be! You or the captain! The captain says: "You." You jump and are saved. He stands there, and dies. Now, you believe that Capt and dies. Now, you believe that Capt Braveheart sacrificed himself for his pas sengers, but you believe it with love, with tears, with hot and long continued ex-clamations, with grief at his loss and with joy at your deliverance. That is saving faith. In other words, what you believe with all the heart, and believe in regard to yourself. On this his hinge turns my sernon; aye, the salvation of your immortal

You often go across a bridge you know nothing about You do not know who built the bridge, you do not know what material it is made of; but you come to it, and walk over it, and ask no questions. And here is an arched bridge blasted from And here is an arched bridge blasted from the "Rock of Ages," and built by the architect of the whole universe, spanning the dark gulf between sin and righteousness, and all God naks you is to walk across it; and you start, and you come to it, and you stop, and you go a little way on and you stop, and you fall back and you experiment. You say: "How do I know that bridge will hold met" instead of marching on with firm step, naking no questions, but feeling that the alreagth of questions, but feeling that the airongth of the eternal God is under you. O, was there ever a prize offered so cheap as pardon and heaven are offered to you! For how much! A million dollars! It is certainly worth A million dollars? It is certainly worth more than that. But cheaper than that you can have it. Ten thousand dollars? Less than that. Five thousand dollars? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One dollar? Less than that. One farthing? Less than that that one farthing? Less than that. Without money and without price." No money to pay. No journey to take. No penance to suffer. Only just one decisive action of the soul: "Belleve on the Lord Josus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Shall I try to tell you what it is to be saved! I cannot tell you. No man, no angel can tell you But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: no angel can tell you But I can hint at it. For my text brings me up to this point: "Thou shalt be saved." It means a happy life here, and a peaceful death and a blissful eternity. It is a grand thing to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning, and to do business all day feeling that all is right between my heart and God. No accident, no sickness, no persecution, no perli, no sword can do me any permanent damage. I am a forgiven child of God, and he is bound to see me through. The mountains may depart, the earth may burn, the light of the stars may be blewn out by the blast of the judgment hurrienne; but life and death, things present and things to come, are mine. You farther than thel-it means a peaceful death.

infinite fear, a consuming horror, of death unions Christ shall be with me. I would rather so down into a cave of wild beauts or a jungle of reptiles than into the grave, unless Christ goes with me. Will you tell me that I am to be carried out from my briefs home and not save in the you tell me that I am to be carried out from my bright home, and put away in the darkness! I cannot bear darkness. At the first coming of the evening I must have the gas iit, and the further on in life I get, the more I like to have my friends around about ma. And am I to be put off for thousands of years in a dark place, with no one to speak to! when the holidays come, and the gifts are distributed, shall I add no joy to the "Merry Christmas" or the "Happy New Year!" Ah, de not point down to the hole in the ground, the grave, and call it a beautiful place; unless there be some supernatural litumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revoits at it. But now ural illumination, I shudder back from it. My whole nature revoits at it. But now this giorious lamp is lifted above the grave and all the darkness is gone, and the way is clear. I look into it now without a single shudder. Now my anxiety is not about death; my anxiety is that I may live aright, for I know that if my life is consistent when I come to the last hour, and this voice is silent, and these eyes are closed, and these hands with which I beg for your eternal salv ation to day are folded over the still heart, that then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the then I shall only begin to live. What power is there in anything to chill me in the last hour if Christ wraps around me the skirt of his own garment? What darkness can fall upon my eyelids then, amid the heavenly daybreak? O death, I will not fear thee then! Back to thy cavern of darkness them where of darkness them where of all the earth. of darkness, thou robber of all the earth. Fly, thou despoiler of families. With this battle ax I hew thee in twain from belimes to sandal, the voice of Christ sounding all over the earth, and through the heavens. "O death, I will be thy plague. O grave, I

of Christ. You know when Jesus was up-on earth how happy he made every house he went into, and when he brings us up to his house how great our glee. His voice has more music in it than is to be heard in all the oratorios of eternity. Talk not about banks dashed with efforescence. Jesus is the chief bloom of heaven. We shall see the very face that beamed sympathy in Bethany, and take, the very hand that dropped its blood from the short beam of the cross. O, I want to stand in eternity with him. Toward that harbor I steer. Toward that goal I run is shall be satisfied when I awake in his like. shall be satisfied when I awake in his like-ness. Oh, broken hearted men and women, how sweet it will be in that good land to pour all your hardahips, and bereave-ments, and losses into the loving car of Christ, and then have him explain why it was best for you to be sick, and why it was best for you to be widowed, and why it was best for you to be persecuted, and why it was best for you to be tried, and have him point to an elevation proportionate to your disquietude here, saying: "You suffered with me on earth, come up now and he glo

will be thy destruction.

To be saved is to wake up in the prese

Some one went into a house where there had been a good deal of trouble and said to the woman there: "You seem to be ionely."
"Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "Hov "Yes," she said, "I am lonely." "How many in the family!" "Only myself." "Have you had any children!" "I had sevon children." "Where are they!" "Gone," "All. "Gone!" "All." "All dead!" "All." Then she breathed a loog sigh into the loneliness, and said: "O. sir, I have been a good mother to the grave." And so there are hearts here that are utterly broken down by the that are utterly broken dawn by the be-reavements of life. I point you to-day to the eternal balm of beaven. Are there any here that I am missing this morning? O₁ you poor waiting maid! your leart's sorrow poured in no human ear, lonely and sad! how glad you will be when Christ shall disband all your sorrows and crown you queen unto God and the Lamb forever! O, aged men and women, for three score years and ton! will not your decrepitude change for the leap of a heart when you come to look face to face upon him whom, having not seen, you love! O, that will be the Good Shepherd, o, that will be the Good Shepherd, not out in the night and watching to keep off the wolves, but with the lamba recilining on the sun lit hill. That will be the Captain of our Salvation not amid the roar, and crash, and beem of battle, but amid his disbanded troo outue, out amid his disbanded troops keeping victorious festivity. That will be the Bridegroom of the Church coming from afar, the bride leaning on his arm while he looks down into her face and says: "Behold, thou art fair,"

A STORY OF DOM PEDRO. How He Saw the Philadelphia Ex-

A story is told of the ex-Emperor which well illustrates his character. When, with the Empress, he visited, the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia and attempted to examine the exphia and attempted to examine the exhibits, he was wedged in immovably by a gaping, excited, but good-natured mob. He bore this in patience for two days. On the third day he resolved upon a bold change.
"I shall see nothing," he said to his

secretary; "I must be incognite. Pro-The next day a stout farmer, with a coat not of the newest, his wife on his arm in a rather shabby merino gown, shouldered his way through the and spent the day in a close study of the educational systems of different countries. They thus quietly and unnoticed continued their observations.

for a week. One day they met a group of twenty Brazilian civil engineers, students from a great polytechnic school. The young men stopped, hesitated in amazement, and then, with loud cheers and wild excitement, saluted the farm-

and wild excitement, saluted the farmer and his wife, bowing to the ground and kissing their nands.

"It is the Emperor," one of them explained, with tears in his eyes, to a bystander. "He is more than our king; he is the father of the people! Out of his own scanty purse he supports me and nine other orphan boys at our school. In every country he has his orphan boys in colleges and universities that they may bring knowledge of all arts and sciences to Brazil. edge of all arts and sciences to Brazil.
He has just made a tour of Europe,
and he comes here to find new inventions and ideas that may be useful to

his people."

The boys gathered closely around Dom Pedro, while he asked each as to his health and success. He knew each of 'his boys" personally and was loved by them with a deep, grateful affection.

Count Toletol has written a new novel which depicts a family tragedy—the mur-der of a woman by her husband. It is said that the eminent writer's treatment of the problems of education, love and conjugal life has made a profound impression upon those who have seen the manuscript. The danger of Telstel's fiction is that he puta too much philosophy in it.

Krupp, the maker of big guns, has ed a fund of \$155,600 for the beauty of